HUMORESQUE

A Tense Film Drama from FANNIE HURST'S Story Featuring ALMA RUBENS

WATCH FOR THIS STORY IN MOTION PICTURES

"Humoresque" is a Cosmopolitan production. Seenario by Frances Marion, direction of Frank Borzage. Presented by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation as a Paramount-Arteraft picture.

The Story So Far.

The parents of Leon Kantor, driven from Russia by persecution, settle in Allen street, in the New York Ghetto, and the father, Abrahm, establishes a shop for the sale of so-called Russian brasses. He gets along fairly well, and when Leon is seven a birthday celebration is planned. Leon is dressed in his best, plays the role of rescuer to a little girl who has rescued a stray cat, and almost ruins his suit. After he has been taken home by his father and washed, the latter marches him out to buy a present. Leon espies a violin and refuses to accept anything else. It develops later that he has a genius for playing-something his mother had dreamed of. He does so well that a wealthy society woman, hearing him by accident, persuades his father to let him play at a Fifth avenue musicale. The arrival of her limousine to fetch him causes a stir in Allen street.

> Screen Version Novelized By Jane McLean.

THEY streamed out, the mother first leading her son by the hand, the father next followed by the two small brothers and the sister. The street was lined with the curious. The footman with his nose uptilted leaned round and opened the door instead of getting down and playing the perfect servant. It was all one to Leon. His mother watched him sink into the deep plush cushions and handed his violin to him almost reverently.

She leaned in to feel the seats her boy was sitting on and observed with a wondering glance a dainty clock and a spray of lilies of the valley in a holder.

Not at All Envious. She was not envious as she closed the door, rather, very proud; the eyes of Allen street were upon her. This was the beginning of the dream she had dreamed in the snows of Russia. The horn sounded again; the door slammed; the big car started slowly, and even then at the imminent period of life and limb, and Leon, almost hidden, was started on his journey to the fabled halls of wealth to play a five-dollar violin before a discriminating company.

He was rather excited; this was the first time he had ever ridden in an automobile; once he had been treated to a ride on a stage on a sight-seeing trip to Central Park, but this was distinctly different.

This was comfort absolute; he looked at the violin and saw in it a promise. If he could buyu his mother something like this car in e sat-that was a thought Out of the Ghetto, through the East Side, across Broadway and on to the avenue with its lights and its life. Leon remarked to himself on the difference in the men and women as compared with those in Allen street and the difference in the buildings. Plenty of food for

reflection. At last the car stopped, and this time the footman, as though the like a mantle when he reached the environs of the rich, stepped down and held open the car door for Leon Kantor to alight.

He felt almost grand, if a little, timid. There was a porte cochere and a red carpet leading up marble steps, evidently made to be walked Leon moved gingerly with no help from the footman; at the top of the stairs a pompous butler was inclined to halt him. Fortunately Mrs. Van de Venter came into view. "Our little musician..' She took him by the arm as he removed his cap and ushered him into a smaller

room, trying to make him feel quite Leon, with the adaptability of childhood, responded easily. A few kind words go a great way wherever they are spoken. Left with an obliging maid, who offered him a plate of ice cream. Leon forgot all about home and reveled in this pectar of the rich so different from the skim milk product of the ice

cream carts. He was striking up quite a friendship with the maid when his hostess came to lead him to the sacrifice. "You won't be afraid, will you,

He shook his head. He Makes a Promise.

"You'll do the best you can, won't

He assured her with a smile that he would.

"I'm sure you will." Mrs. Van de Venter was as anxious for her own reputation as for his.

The buzz of conversation ceased when the hostess entered leading Leon, and the men and women who sat or stood about the big room looked critically at the little boy with the violin case in his small

Certainly there was nothing about him to show that he could play the most difficult of instruments. His hair did not curl and he did not show any of the socalled marks of eccentricity too of-

ten attributed to genius. But the company was lenient. Mrs. Van de Venter led her small protege to the middle of the room and presented him in a little speech. She had the good taste to refrain from extravagant praise and the

good sense to be brief. Then Leon found himself standing alone facing several hundred faces, most of them bored, some of hem beautiful. He opened the

cheap vioiln case and drew forth the shabby violin. Once or twice he swallowed hard as he picked the strings for the right pitch. Already through his Letters of Ella Wheeler Wilcox on Life Beyond Tells Certain Knowledge of Immortality Based on Messages from Dead Husband

"Robert Says: We Met-That Was Happiness; We Loved—Divinity; Our Love Survives—Immortality"

(Copyright, 1920, King Features Syndicate.) (The following hitherto unpublished letters from America's greatest poetess to her favorite brother, Marcus P. Wheeler, Windsor, Wis., a civil war veteran, constitute a remarkable human document. At one and the same time they set forth what she believed her certain knowledge of the life hereafter, based upon communications from her husband, Robert M. Wilcox, who died in 1916, and also very interesting side lights on the daily life and views of this writer whose name is known to every one who reads. These letters will be printed

London, Oct. 13, 1918. EAR MARCUS:

I am "hoovering" in paper you see- using a left-over from France. Thought you might like to see enclosed nice letter. I have been three days in London and amazing things have happened. Lady. Palmer, wife of Sir Everett

in daily instalments.)

in total abstinence-has been to see me to ask me to her house tomorwho is a friend of Sir Oliver Lodge.

-Ella Wheeler Wilcox

row to meet a marvelous medium Lady Palmer is a psychic and has extraordinary experiences. Is having it arranged for me to meet Helen Maxwell, who makes spirit

Before I had been in London two

"Deceived him!" she repeated, her

voice tense and low, "And why must

I deceive him, Doris? It is because

you will not do your part yourself-

will not comfort him and cheer him

as you ought to do."
"In other words—because I will

"I would rather lie to him than

For a moment the implication con-

"Break his heart!" she echoed

pagerly. "Do you really suppose

veyed in this sentence tickled the

not lie to him?" Doris suggested

break his heart!" Ruth declared.

vanity of the older girl.

sarcastically.

The Two Voices By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER.

was strongly developed. At this taunt, it asserted itself. again, Ruth! It's sim dreadful!" Doris exclaimed.

The sisters were seated in Fifth avenue stage on their way to the house of their mother's friend, on whom they had promised to call, Since leaving Daniel Rodney's home five minutes ago, neither had spoken. Now Doris' feelings must have an outlet.

So vehement was her manner that her companion was glad that the bus was almost empty. "Not so loud, Doris!" she warned. Doris lowered her voice, but her

manner did not change. "No-I simply will not go again or, at any rate, until Hugh is better. I did it to please you, Ruthand I hope that you appreciate it.'

"You also did it to spare Hugh pain," Ruth reminded her. But if you had not deceived him I need not have gone at all," Doris charged.

Ruth was capable of much selfsacrifice, but her sense of justice

that he cares as much as all that?" Embarrassing to Ruth. Ruth's face was very white. suppose," she said, every word falling slowly and distinctly, "that Hugh Rodney loved you so much that the knowledge of your disloyalty to him would have crushed him-probably destroyed his last chance of recovery-had he known truth in his weakened condiion. And it was to prevent that

"And now?" Doris asked.
"And now." Ruth answered, "he You saw that for yourself today." The pleasant Doris shivered. glow caused by gratified vanity was dissipated by the memory of Hugh's

catastrophe that I took your place.

sightless eyes. "Well-you will have to play the game out alone!" she said with decision. "As I just remarked, I will not go there again-no, not for you, nor for Hugh, nor for anyone! I went to sing for him this afternoon just because you were in a scrape. Laura never thanked me for coming, but acted just as if I had not put off my own wishes for her brother. Then when I sanghating it all the while-you left me alone with Hugh. And, as a finishing touch, he found fault with the

way I sang." A psycho-analyst would have understood the workings of Doris Courtney's mind at this juncture. The girl had been flattered by Hugh's desire to hear her sing, had experienced a comfortable glow of self-martyrdom and magnanimity in gratifying this desire. But she had received no praise, had been the recipient of no thanks, and had been reminded that her talent was inferior to her sister's. Added to this was the fact that the sight of Hugh's blindness had made her uncomfortable. A natural reaction had set in

But Ruth Courtney was not a psycho-analyst.
"Why, Doris," she asked, "what is the matter, my dear? I did not hear Hugh criticize your song. "No-because you rushed off and left me alone with him. Then he told me that my voice was not nearly so good as it was yesterday. which means that you sang much better than I could. Such being the case it was hardly kind of you to drag me around there just to mark the contrast between our ac-

complishments."

Doris Lays Down the Law. Ruth did not speak for a full minute. Then-"I think, my dear," she said, "that we would best not discuss

this matter any more just now." "I do not wish to discuss it any more at all!" Doris retorted. "I have done all that I intend to do. You took it upon yourself to interfere in my affairs and to play Providence to Hugh Rodney instead of letting things take their natural course. Well, then, you will have to depend upon yourself to get you out of any more scrapes you walk into." As they had reached the corner of the street on which their mother's friend lived, they descended from the 'bus, and further discussion of Hugh and his case was suspended.

Nor was it renewed until an hour later, as the girls reached their own front door, when Ruth asked a sudden question, one she had been revolving in her mind for the past half mile, "Doris," laying her hand on her sister's arm, "do not it us quarrel, dear. I regret putting you in an

gentler in some way. Then-he opened his eyes and touched me.

"That I do not love him, and that (To Be Continued.)

hours, Mary Monteith came to call. She wrote an article on automatic writing which I will send you. She and I could get nothing from ouija. But with a paper and pencil she wrote amazingly-her hand wrote. Robert came and welcomed me to London, and said I must be patient and await results. Then he said this beautiful thing:

"Remember all we have had. We met-that was happiness. We loved -that was divinity. Our love outlived death-that is immortality!" When Miss M. read what her hand had wrote she was much impressed. She knew nothing of my life, save that I was a widow. She comes again Sunday.

The ouija board has to have a certain combination-a certain Vi bratory Force to make it a medium of communication between the two worlds. I have tried with at least 100 people, and just three in America and four here have proven the right ones.

I am to meet Dr. Wallace tomorrow-a great doctor and writer and student of the occult. Conan Doyle speaks of him in his book. Lady Morton, also a great light in these matters, is to give a party for me to meet the most distinguished ones. So you see Robert knew what he was talking about when he sent me here. But I did not expect to get going so soon. Meantime Eve got to find a warmer and less expensive hotel. This is cold and costly!

I am sorry to think Mr. Raymer and Brandenberg are crippled. I don't see why. I believe both are younger than I. I am as limber as was at sixteen—and have nerve endurance

I expect to be here until next April. Good night, Mother of Slain Aviator to Have Him Meet Robert.

London, Nov. 8, 1918.

Dear Marcus: Well, another November 5th went by and was made pleasant by having an English friend remember it and bring me lovely flowers. I was so surprised. Then a message came from Robert, too-making him seem very near. Three nice women called, so the day was pleasant even though my wish for it to be my last was not granted. Yesterday I gave a talk and Mrs. for several hundred Australian soldiers-a wholly new audience. Again we scored a success. Mr. Gay, my publisher, was greatly astonished at my powers as a

I am to give a poetry afternoon at the Lyceum Club on December 20. I speak on "After Death," at large New Thought Conference. go to a country (?) house the 16th to stay till the 19th. The lady's only son was an aviator and was killed a year ago by a German fiver in the air. His pilo: climbed into the dead boy's lap and got the machine to earth. A few weeks later he became insanc.

Mrs. Bamber, the dead boy's mother, is in constant communication with him and is bringing out a book of his messages. I shall send it to you: "Claud's Book." She says when I am there we will arrange to have Claud and Robert meet. Sir Oliver Lodge is to be there one day. On November 13 I am to take tea with Sir William Barrett and Lady Barrett.

He was one of the first great men of science to come into knowl edge of spirit communication, and

was to meet such people as these that I planned to come over the death charged seas when you and Mr. Brisbane and many others were so opposed to the idea, and thought me presumptuous and absurd to butt in. Every day proves to me how well Robert knew what he was doing when he told me to come. I shall have another book ready before I leave here.

I sent you today a new poem I wrote here. Every one is crazy over it. There are no copyrights on it save for book purposes, so you can have it copied there.

I have just found a nice little suite-two rooms and a bath-and expect to go into them next week. It is less expensive and more comfortable than this hotel. Living is very expensive here, any way you manage, but I am glad I am here. The climate is as bad as they make it, besides—fog, rain—yet it is a fascinating old town all the same. Such interesting people wherever you turn. The atmosphere is alive with the vibrations of wonderful minds. Never the dull, narrow or banal-of course there are a lot of them, but I haven't come in touch with them.

thrilling. But I do hope Haig's orders to march peacefully but victoriously into Berlin will be carried out. It is the only way to end the war with dignity.

The war news is daily more

21 Bedford road. (Continued Tomorrow.)

BOOKS

THE SINGLE TRACK. By Douglas Grant. New York: W. J. Watt & Co.

Here we have another of Douglas Grant's exciting stories of the open -of red-blooded men and women. There are thrills aplenty, excitement galore, and a love romance to warm the heart of any lover of rapidfire fiction.

There's a pretty, carefully nurtured society girl-a self-centered child of wealth. She takes a sudden notion to cut loose from it all in her own and her brother's interest when it is suddenly brought to her that they are in jeopardy. She goes to Alaska without anyone's knowledge, with only an aged butler as chaperon, to work in a company store in the hardest kind of mining camp. There is plot enough for Mr.

Grant. With a basis like that, there are few writers who can find more excitement of the popularly delightful kind than he. And in this book, he fully avails himself of his opportunity. There is emotion and thrill, but also a lot of human interest in the gradual unfolding of the girl's character when she is brought face to face with the actualities of life and learns that a man can be tleman, whether under frock coats or weather-beaten and work-worn overalls. There's an exciting love story, and many things otherwise that happen while these rough men of the North fight to save the girl's

If you like action mystery love interest, and that quality termed "human interest," you'll like "The Single Track."

Saving Money in the Home; Little Tricks For Women in Household Economics By ELIABETH LATTIMER.

\$1 PAID FOR EACH

DOLLAR SAVED

Here is a chance for every one

to earn a dollar by telling how she has saved a dollar. It may be

a dollar or more. It may have been saved in a day or a week. However, all that matters is HOW

it was saved. \$1 saved and \$1 earned by the

telling of the saving makes \$2. How about it? Be brief and write

I will award a prize of \$1 each

day for one of the suggestionss

- If your first letter doesn't get

a prize, try again. Even if it does,

that is no bar to your getting an-

a buttered oven for three hours or

more. When partly cooked add

the remainder of the milk without

stirring the pudding. The whites

of the eggs may be saved and used

This scryes eight or ten people.

BEAR ELIZABETH LATTIMER:

Being badly in need of an oil mop, and desiring to save, I took an oid worn-out broom, cut the straws even and straight across, and by taking worn-out underwear and making several bags to fit the broom and tacking the upper edge to the handle, I had a grand mop, much better and satisfactory than the bought ones and at no expense whatever. I saved at least \$1.50, with a very little trouble.

MRS. J. M. GOOCH,
509 Third street northeast.

Boys, Why Not

Try the Farm?

as a meringue for the top.

DEAR ELIZABETH LATTIMER:

Checks will be mailed to win-

ELIZABETH LATTIMER.

other if your idea is worth it.

only on one side of paper.

which I print.

Improvised Mop

Wins Today's Prize.

ners.

LTHOUGH cormeal is now A used chiefly as a breakfast bread, yet there are many other ways of using it to advantage. Th particles of cornmeal when mixed with water do not tend to stick together and form an elastic dough as wheat flour does. This is because the protein of corn is lacking in tenacity, allowing the some what granular particles of meal to separate. While this is a disadvantage for some uses, like bread making, it is an advantage, as it renders them very tender. Here are some recipes for the use of corn meal which are highly recommend

Corument and Wheat Waffles.

1½ cups water ½ cup white corn-meal 1½ cups milk 1½ cups milk 3 cups wheat flour Whites 2 egs 3 tablespoons sugar 2 tablespoon ed butter

1¼ tablespoons bak-ing powder 1¼ teaspoons salt Yolks 2 eggs Whites 2 eggs

Cook the meal in boiling water 20 minutes; add milk, dry ingredients mixed and sifted, yolks of eggs well beaten, butter, and whites of eggs beaten stiff. Cook on greased waffle iron. These waffles are considered by most people better than those made with wheat flour only.

This serves six people.

Cornmeal Puffs.

1 pint milk
1-3 cup cornmeal
4 tablespoons sugar
4 tablespoon sult
Cook the milk and meal together

fifteen minutes with the salt and sugar. When cool add the eggs well beaten. Bake in cups. Serve with stewed fruit or jam. serves six people.

Cheese Puddings.

1 qt boiling water 12 lb. yellow corn1 tablespoon salt mest
12 cup milk 12 lb. cheese
1 Into the boiling salted water pour the cornmeal slowly, stirring constantly, and allow to boil ten minutes; then add most of the cheese and cook ten minutes moror until the cheese is melted. Ad-1 one-half cup of milk and cook a few minutes. Pour into a greased baking dish. Brown in the oven This dish is improved by grating a little hard cheese over the top just before it is baked. A good

supper or lunch dish. This pudding can be cut into slices when cold and fried. This serves four to six people.

Indian-meal Doughnuts. cup milk 2 eggs well beaten 4 cups very fine 1 teaspoon cinna-white cornmeal mon white cornmeal mon 1½ cups wheat flour 2 traspoons baking

powder 1 level teaspoon salt cup sugar Put milk and meal into a double boiler and heat together for about ten minutes. Add the butter and sugar to the meaf. Sift together the wheat flour, baking powder, cinnamon, and sait. Add these and the eggs to the meal. Roll out on a well-floured board; cut into the desired shapes; fry in deep fat; This makes thirty medium-sized

doughnuts. Cornment And Fig Pudding.

cup cornmeal cup molasses fgs fgs cups milk (or 4 of 2 eggs milk and 2 of 1 teaspoon sait

Cook the cornmeal with four cups of milk, add the molasses, figs and salt. When the mixture is cold, add

By Dr. Wm. A. McKeever, Professor of the University of Kansas and an Authority on Social Problems.

OR the tenderfoot city boy who feels the call to get out on the soil and try out his fortune there was perhaps never a greater opportunity. Farm help is going to be scarce everywhere, and the wages will be relatively good. In a vast agricultural territory stretching, say, from Columbus, Ohio, to Salina, Kan., and from Oklahoma City to Fargo, N. Dak., there will be places for tens of thousands more agricultural helpers than the market will be able to

supply. But of the scores of city boys who in times past have written begging me to help them get out on the farm, nearly all have displayed a striking lack of initiative and of a clear idea as to how to proceed. So more than ever before, I am going

to specify carefully the lines to fol-March first and during the entire month of March is a very good time to strike out for farm work.

The first step for the boy venturing farmward is to arm himself with a letter of commendation from some good busintss man or other person who can speak from know! edge as to the boy's character and

reliability. The second step is faithfully to spend the money for a ticket to the place selected on the map. If one starts early in March perhaps he should hit northern Oklahoma or southern Kansas.

Now, as soon as the town is reached, let the youth inquire at the Chamber of Commerce, the Gov ernment Postoffice building, or the local newspaper office for a place to work on a farm. Hesitate very little as to choice of places. The presumption is that you know nothing about farming. Engage anywhere for a week or two on trial to work for your board and tui-

Admit frankly that you do not know anything about farming, but that you are eager to learn. Then, go to it with all your might and learn-how to feed and barness a team; how to milk a cow or care for swine; how to feed poultry or clean out a barn; how to chop stove wood or repair a field fence; how to guide a horse or run a furrow; how to put out a garden or run a grain drill; etc., etc.

What you must work for assiduously for the first two or three weeks is, first, experience; second, reputation. You must learn how to do a few of the plainer forms of work with reasonable self-assurance, and you must try so hard to please that the farmer will either desire to retain you for the season at good wages; or if he has not enough work for that, you must earn his commendation.

"This certifies that John Jones. the bearer, has helped me on th farm for a period of three week past, and that he is a faithful and reliable farm assistant. I commend him to any one who may need him for similar work,"

Again I say in all earnestness that the first asset for the tenderfoot starting to the farm is faith. He must make the plunge in faith as I have described and his reward will be practically assured. "faithful, reliable effort such as ! have just outlined will get a good young man in anywhere he may wish to rick his fortune, To the city boy, accustomed to his

\$4 per day, the farm wages will not seem high enough. Perhaps \$15 to \$18 per week will be the limit for a while. But he must rememthat this morey is practically all gain. Board, lodging and washingshould be included. And the expense for clothes will be almost negligible,

Fashion Fancies Seen in the Shops

The Times presents today another of a series of fashion features designed to be of invaluable

a concert in the park; he did not

know its name, but its music was

stamped on his ear. His audience

paid him the compliment of quiet,

After all, there was something pa-

thetic about this little nobody from

gan-the room faded away-he was

in an apple orchard with the blos-

had seen a picture like that once-

and he was playing the famous

sonata he had heard in the park. When he stopped there was si

lence; a man with a benevolent

smile came forward and took him

by the hand-Mrs. Van de Venter

An Appreciative Audience.

of clapping, and he heard the man

saying: "Where does he live? Al

low me, Mrs. Van de Venter, to take

him in hand-I always like to pay

To Be Continued.

Sweet Innocence.

Fair visitor, after having been

shown over armored cruiser: "And

where do you keep your sea dogs?

Suddenly there was a great noise

stood on the other side.

tribute to genius.

oms dropping from the trees-he

Leon lifted up the violin and be-

help to its readers. In this column there are shown each week illustrations with descriptions of the exact designs in up-to-date women's wear offered for sale here in Washington. These illustrations are sketched

play by the merchants. Readers are assured that only they are up-to-the-minute and able in Washington will be pre-



stitching is done in a most satis-



This citron colored hat, made of rysanthemum braid, is one of the many pretty hats for spring wear faced in navy blue color of the same braid; around the crown navy blue wool stitching and straw

from the actual garments on dis-

The illustrator is a woman who knows art and value in clothes. those styles which appeal because those which are readily obtain-

bein were surging the notes of a A very good looking hat for the wonderful melody he had heard at money. \$7.50.

Youthfulness itself is expressed. In this new and attractive suit, made of English jersey cloth. Pockets and buttons form the trimming on the coat. The skirt also boasts of two pockets, trimmed Fortunately it can be had in almost any color. For a general

at the same time a very good looking style. \$29.75. THE TIMES SHOPPER

wear suit, it is most practical and

address of the firms where the original articles depicted in this column may be seen. Just phone Main 5260 and ask for

THE TIMES SHOPPER.

Will gladly furnish the name and

awkward position this afternoon. Whether the fault is mine or not is of no matter just now. But one thing I must know. Are you at last certain that you can never love Hugh Rodney?" To her relief, Dorls answered "Just for a minute this afternoon I was uncertain, for he looked al-most as he used to only perhaps

I never shall again," was the blunt reply. "You wanted the truth, Ruth, New you have it absolutely." There Was Considerable Bad Odor Connected With Tomboy Taylor's Failure to Qualify as a Member of the Club.

